

Naturalists Find New Thrills in Chasing Beasts by Auto

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Back From Wilds of Asia, Tell of Exciting Races With Antelope and Wolf—Eager for Another Trip

By THOREAU CRONIN.

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS is one of the few men who are doing precisely what they dreamed of doing when they were boys. He resolved to be a naturalist, to explore the earth's hidden places, to sleep habitually under the stars, to hunt strange animals, not for the sake of killing but to widen human knowledge. Having thus planned his life he did not permit himself to be caught in the machinery which mangles most of youth's ambitions, converting the poets into tea tasters, tea tasters into statesmen and Pearys into clerks at the foreign exchange counter.

At the age of 9 Roy Andrews was skinning a bird and mounting it, thus starting the Andrews collection now in the American Museum of Natural History. His interest at school was all in natural history. A wise father gave him his head and also gave him the gun that enabled him to bring home the birds. At Beloit College and later at Columbia he specialized in the study of zoology.

Walking the same straight line, he went from Columbia into the service of the American Museum, and there he is today as assistant curator of the department of mammalogy, except that he isn't there much of the time. He is a great fellow for closing his desk and going out for a stroll, returning in a year or so with a batch of new specimens for the museum and stories of adventure across the horizon of commonplace existence.

He writes his report, arranges the new exhibits, equips himself for further wandering by lecturing and contributing to the magazines, and presently we hear that Roy Andrews has disappeared again.

Ranging the Wilds of the World.

This has been going on for twelve years now. He has gathered whales in the South Seas, and penetrated Corea further than any other white man. In 1913 he voyaged 6,000 miles through northern waters and filmed for the Government all phases of the life of the seal. In 1916 and 1917 he ranged South China and Tibet, finding much of importance, but missing, although that particular hunt lasted a month, the man eating cat of Malacca color known as the blue tiger of Poochow and to the natives as the Great Invisibile. The blue tiger does exist. A truthful missionary has seen it raiding villages and carrying off children. One of these days Roy Andrews will drop off in Poochow on his way back from something more laborious and will bring home a blue tiger skin. He can be depended upon for that.

The Asiatic expedition of 1916-17 was a honeymoon tour. When it started Mr. Andrews had not long been married to Miss Yvette Borup, daughter of the Lieut.-Col. Henry D. Borup, U. S. A., retired, and sister of the late George Borup, who was with Peary on the final Polar trip. She was born in Paris, where Col. Borup was American military attaché. She shared her father's hobby, photography. She studied it as an art in Berlin and Italy and became proficient in the use of natural color plates. With her previous camera and folding dark room she rammed 25,000 miles with her husband on the first expedition to Asia. She was the official photographer, and got extraordinary color prints in the mountains of Yunnan, south of Tibet. In the spring of 1918, when the second expedition set forth with northern China and Mongolia as the objectives, no color plates were to be had, because of the war, so that all the pictures Mrs. Andrews made were black and white.

More important than the absence of the plates, however, was the presence of an exceedingly young heir, George Borup Andrews. His parents insisted that it would not harm the baby a bit to begin globe-trotting early in life. Probably some of the



MONGOLS ARE ALMOST NEVER SEEN OFF THEIR HORSES.

Friends were shocked, but the parents proved to be right. They took a house in Peking and left son to play with a trusted nurse while they made four trips into central Asia, after each of which they returned to Peking and the boy. On pleasant days he lay in the sand at the seashore and established friendly relations with Chinese babies, which undoubtedly will stand him in good stead when he is old enough to go exploring on his own account. Just now his age is a little more than two years.

Back in New York.

Well, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews reappeared in New York about a fortnight ago, with the baby of course, and ahead of eight tons of specimens which have been shipped to the American Museum of Natural History as the result of the second Asiatic expedition. Judging by what Mr. Andrews said the other day, they will not put up with Occidental civilization very long, for they are eager to return to Asia and hunt for queer things in southwestern Mongolia. When a visitor remarked that by this time he must have pretty well exhausted the faunal possibilities of the land he answered: "I could go there every year until I was a tottering old man and still the surface would hardly be scratched. Asia is a wonderfully fascinating field for the naturalist. It not only cradled man but saw the origin of many mammals which in the past were regarded as essentially American or European. To the zoologist Asia is the heart of things."

Their base in northern Mongolia was Urga, centre of the Kalika tribes and holy city of the Living Buddha. To reach it they motored 700 miles across the Gobi Desert from Kalgan, at the westernmost point of the Chinese Wall. A camel caravan went ahead with the scientific equipment. The Andrews party, which included two Chinese taxidermists and four Mongols, travelled in three small automobiles. They took no tents, only sleeping bags and food. Otherwise their baggage was a store of gasoline and oil.

They were the first scientific party to go exploring in flivvers. Mr. Andrews highly approves of this method of desert locomotion, but next time will use a heavier car. On this trip the cars were used merely as a means of getting to Urga and picking up specimens on the way. Once in Urga they changed to horses, thus endearing themselves to the Mongols of that region, who, even the women, live in the saddle and are among the world's finest equestrians, although their treatment of their mounts would not appeal to the author of "Black Beauty" or the S. P. C. A.

In future Asiatic excursions Mr. Andrews will use the automobile more extensively. So much of the Gobi Desert is flat and grassy rather than sandy that with a little care a machine may travel in any direction, needing no road or trail. The route of the Andrews party to Urga followed the caravan trail worn for centuries by the Mongols and once alive with the moving herds of the warriors of Genghis Khan. Often they veered from this, however, as when they decided to chase a herd of antelope and find out just how fast an antelope can run. By singling out a lone antelope and chasing it while keeping an eye on the speedometer Mr. Andrews estimated that the flying animal for the first mile or so ran at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

"It went so fast its legs were a blur, like the blades of an electric fan," he says. Then the antelope slowed down to fifty



BIG HORN SHEEP, WORLD'S RECORD SPECIMEN



ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS WITH A LARGE WAPITI.

miles for a stretch and finally settled down to a gait of thirty-five or forty miles an hour. It was impossible to gauge the speed exactly, as the car could not go faster than thirty-five miles an hour, but Mr. Andrews believes his estimate is almost exact. "The antelope, after being chased twenty miles, lay down and quit," he says. "It was not wounded; the darned beast was merely flabbergasted by this new kind of a pursuit and overcome by curiosity as to the thing that was chasing it."

"On the same day we chased a wolf six miles, until we ran right into a herd of antelope. The antelope started off like the

wind, circling as they always do when pursued. We got between the wolf and the herd and kept going. I was trying to insert a reel of film in the movie camera, but it stuck. I guess we were all pretty much excited. Anyway, we missed getting what ought to have been a thrilling picture to show to the folks in New York. Finally the wolf, barred from his prey by the flivver, tried to jump aboard and get at us. I shot the wolf and broke his back, but even then he kept on climbing until finally he dropped off dead. "It is not much sport to hunt antelope in a motor car, for the animal, because of his habit of circling in front of you and thus



FELT COVERED HOME USED THROUGHOUT MONGOLIA



MRS. ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE SECOND ASIATIC EXPEDITION TO MONGOLIA

losing distance, has no chance, but hunting them on Mongol ponies is fine sport. There is a hazard in the form of marmot holes all over the prairie. If your horse steps in one of these holes he is likely to break a leg and you to end over his head and break your neck. You get so excited you yell like crazy men without knowing it."

Dogs Fed on Human Flesh.

The Americans had no trouble with the Mongolian people, with the exception of a few priests, but their adventure with the American Museum of Natural History or one curator and his wife if the wife had not had the good sense to be awake at the critical moment. These dogs, which are related to the Tibetan dog, look much like Newfoundlanders, are half as high again as a wolf and so fierce that a wolf dare not tackle one in equal combat. They are all the more dangerous because they feed on human flesh, this fact arising from the pleasant habit of the Mongols of Urga of throwing their dead outside the city to be devoured by vultures, ravens, wolves and dogs. One approaches the holy city over a plain white with human bones. The Mongol believes they are infested with evil spirits and must not be touched. A crowd of natives almost started a riot one way when Mr. Andrews, testing his marksmanship, shot at a skull lying beside the trail.

"One night," says Mr. Andrews, "we camped near a Lamaist monastery. We were in our sleeping bags beside our car. Dogs were prowling around, but we didn't realize how dangerous they were. I was tired and went off to the soundest kind of sleep, but my wife didn't like the dogs and slept lightly. Suddenly she screamed and I awoke. Fourteen dogs had gathered in a pack and were

Eight Tons of Specimens for American Museum Collected on Expedition Marked by Many Stirring Adventures

rushing at us, snapping and howling in a way that resembled the laugh of a hyena. They had a leader, like a pack of wolves. Believe me, I realized the instant I was up that these gentle pups meant business. One snap from a pair of those jaws would break a man's neck. It was time to employ whatever skill I have in shooting. My gun lay beside me, loaded, as usual. I grabbed up the first one my fingers touched and fired. I was lucky enough to kill the leader of the pack instantly. As he rolled over I fired two more shots and brought down two more dogs. The rest of the pack stopped to tear their three comrades to pieces and devour them. Meanwhile, I got hold of my other gun and blazed away until the survivors turned and slunk off.

"This really was the most adventurous happening of the trip, which was not especially exciting, because the Mongols are such good fellows and were so kind to us. We did get into a rumput with some Lamas whom Mrs. Andrews was trying to photograph. I never found out just what the trouble was except that he had offended some of their many superstitious beliefs. There was an awful row, during which we stood still and said nothing. I suppose the interpreter convinced the Lamas we were merely fools and not vicious, for after a while the row petered out.

Lamas the Curse of Mongolia.

"The Lamas are the curse of Mongolia. There are 15,000 of them in Urga alone. They are a lot of parasites and moral degenerates. The other Mongolians we liked very much. Took outstanding characteristics of independence. The families being self-supporting from the products of the land and of the chase, they don't give a hang for money. Their principal food is mutton and their drink is brick tea. They like alcoholic drinks, but don't get much of them. Their method of exchange is barter, as it has been for centuries back. They are great gamblers and horse racers; I made a friend for life of one Mongol by racing my flivver against his horse and letting him beat me. If the Mongol likes you he will do anything for you, especially if you give him a chunk of brick tea, which he'd much rather have than \$100."

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews paid their respects to the Grand Lama in Urga, who lives apart in a palace in the sacred quarter of the city. They found him to be a dignified and amusing old man, very proud of his sewing machines, talking machines and other modern contraptions, which he buys with the help of a mail order catalogue and doesn't know how to use. The Andrews caravan took to him from China a small electric lighting apparatus for his palace. He has an automobile, but uses it only for the purpose of administering electric shocks to the members of his cabinet. They are heartily tired of this sport, but such is the obedience they give the Grand Lama that when he orders them to hold hands and get a shock they dutifully obey.

On one of their motor trips the supply of oil gave out and melted mutton fat was used as a substitute. A hot box due to empty grease cups was no problem to Mrs. Andrews. She opened her jar of cold cream and filled them. The party left Urga in three cars for the journey back to Kalgan, but had to spend the last night on horseback in a driving rainstorm in order to take the morning train at Kalgan for Peking. Mr. Andrews believes that he has several new species of Asiatic fauna among the 1,800 specimens he collected, but says he can't be sure until the records of certain Russian naturalists have been translated. He certainly brought back the largest big horn sheep of which there is any record. The horns are fifty inches long and twenty inches in circumference. This and six other big horn sheep in the collection will be the central exhibit in the museum's Asiatic hall when it is built.

Preponderance of Women Causes Consternation in England

Special Correspondence of THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD.

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THE problem of the oversupply of women is stirring England, and today scientists are trying, apparently in vain to solve it. It is asserted by certain leaders in the medical profession that the preponderance of women over men already has resulted in a large and increasing number of the physically and intellectually fittest women in England being forced into the labor market, thus depriving the nation of the best potential mothers. And meanwhile, with approximately 1,500,000 more women than men in this country, statisticians assert that the chances of every English woman finding her proper mate long since has passed. Meanwhile, too, the social butterfly type, it is declared, never was so prevalent in this country as at the present time, and she, by means of dress or lack of dress, is striving to appeal to man's lower nature instead of exercising her power to elevate her ideals.

This oversupply of women in England is not without its note of tragedy, for many of the women included in these startling figures are war widows whose husbands made the supreme sacrifice. That war widows at most can constitute only a part of this million odd surplus. For them there is a warm spot in every Briton's heart. It is with those who are not war widows—with the "flappers" and the physically unfit who are to form a big part of Britain's motherhood that this article deals.

Low Birth Rate of Males.

Statistics just completed show that the oversupply of women in Great Britain has increased from 365,559 in 1851 to approximately 1,500,000 at the end of 1919. At the same time statistics disclose there are too few boy babies, while all signs point to the fact that instead of the woman surplus decreasing it bids fair to mount higher and higher. So striking are these figures that there are persons here who foresee the day when England will be an Adamless Eden.

Dr. R. Murray-Leslie, a well known London medical man, who has given much study to this problem, has just delivered a lecture on the subject before the Institute of Hygiene, in Devonshire street. He declared that the excess of women in Great Britain

Oversurplus Numbers 1,500,000 and Is Growing Rapidly—Labor Market Robbing Nation of Its Best Potential Mothers, Old Ethical Standards Crumble, Birth Rate of Males Falling Off—Social Butterflies More Prevalent Than Ever

was greater than anywhere else in the world, and that the war had aggravated this condition, especially since the men who had fallen in the conflict belonged to the age group which represented either potential or actual husbands and fathers. He asserted that there were more than 1,000,000 women of productive age now in this country. At the same time he scored the tendency which is sending those women who are best qualified for motherhood into the workshops and into trade, while those who were most unfitted were becoming the mothers of the next generation. There was no mistaking his meaning, for he spoke plainly, to the point.

"The social effects of sex disproportion are demonstrated in the crumbling of old ethical standards," he said. "The freedom of the modern independent girl from the supervision of her parents; the tendency to rebel against discipline and conventional training; the cry of pleasure for pleasure's sake, all these tend to the encouragement of a lowered standard of morality."

"It is noteworthy that in Ireland the illegitimate birth rate is far lower than in any other country in Europe, a fact which might be attributed to the approximate numerical equality of the sexes in that country. It is in regard to marriage and family life that female preponderance is playing the most important part. Never have there been so many unhappy marriages. Many married women are demanding divorce by mutual consent, while married men often seek happier relations among the numerous unmarried women. Speaking from my own medical experience, I have no hesitancy in saying that much of the existing unhappiness is traceable to clandestine relations between young women and married men."

"Female preponderance has resulted in a large and increasing number of the physically and intellectually fittest women in the country being forced into the labor market, while less provident women of the unskilled workers' class are married and have large families. The nation is thus deprived of the best potential mothers, and the birth

rate is smallest in the best elements of the population."

"An extraordinary diversity of type has emerged as a direct outcome of sex disproportion. The domestic type still forms the bulk of the industrial classes, but it is becoming rarer. In the so-called middle and upper classes, the social butterfly type has probably never been so prevalent as at present. It comprises the frivolous, scantily clad, jangling flapper, irresponsible and undisciplined, to whom a dance, a new hat or a man with a car are of more importance than the fate of nations. This type contains a large proportion of physically attractive girls with strong reproductive instincts, and they are ever vying and competing with each other for the scarce and elusive male. In many cases they strive by means of dress, or the lack of it, to appeal to man's lower nature, instead of exercising their power to elevate his ideals. Young men have dance invitations four or five deep, and our boys and young men are being spoiled before our eyes."

Tribute to the Intellectual.

Dr. Murray-Leslie paid a tribute to the so-called intellectual type. "They, represented by the professional workers, are married in very small proportion," he said, "but to them is due the driving force which obtained amelioration of the conditions of employment of their sex, and it was they who influenced legislation designed to safeguard maternity and to promote child welfare. Racially it is the intelligent type which is most important and best fitted to undertake the present complex responsibilities of marriage. There is a great difference between intellectuality and intelligence. The purely intellectual woman is usually not sexually attractive, but the intelligent woman is well read and in touch with new movements, while she equally appreciates the charms of dress, refinement and other social amenities."

Speaking of possible remedies Dr. Murray-Leslie referred to statistics which show that

a smaller proportion of boy babies are born in England than in other European countries. "There are supporters of polygamy," he said, "who argue that the modern civilized man needs one woman as his intellectual companion and another to be the mother of his children. But this proffered solution of the problem might be dismissed with some contempt. The real need is to educate girls in a way to develop equally their emotional

and intellectual natures. The great problem is how to save the boy babies and to lower the male death rate. The most immediate practical method of reducing female preponderance is the encouragement of female emigration. Our land girls are fine, healthy specimens of womanhood, and they should be most valuable wives in the colonies."

Should Adopt Babies.

"Why not adopt boy babies? There are many middle aged persons without children who shrink from the prospect of having no share in the future. Therefore I suggest the adoption of boy babies by women of the leisure classes as a means of personal and of national benefit."

There are others who are more pessimistic than was Dr. Murray-Leslie—persons who hold that in the hour of woman's triumph in the war the full fruits of victory were snatched from her grasp by wily politicians who would allow her to vote only at what they call a "womanly age." It is against this that Lady Astor, a champion of the rights of women, is fighting in the House of Commons.

There are many women in England who will never willingly go back to the old life they knew before the war. These women say that they are just as good in business and in trade as men.

Despite anything that they may say, however, these figures just made public here speak for themselves as showing the steady increase in the number of women in Great Britain since 1851:

During the war women here found that they could make money and live a free life without worrying about marriage and babies. This was particularly true of the



BEATRICE HARRADEN

new so-called "professional" women. This class still maintains their wage scale on a basis nearly equal to that of men, and the proponents of this theory stand fast that they can still further improve their position irrespective of the oversupply of women. Further, they hold that at the present time of high cost of living and inadequate wages many marriageable men are unable to earn enough to support a family and that woman, once accustomed to working and to earning her own living, prefers to follow this new path rather than marry for love and starve for matrimonial ideals.

There are others who look on the situation quite differently and who find much to complain of in the oversupply of women in England. As a result of this oversupply, they declare, man has become very critical in his choice of a wife.

"Daily Chronicle" Investigates.

The suggestion that the settlement of English women in the dominions might help toward a solution of the problem caused the *Daily Chronicle* to start an investigation. It found that "the very women most wanted by the dominions are the women most wanted at home—that is, the domestic workers." However, it discovered that there is a demand for women workers in the dominions and that more than 2,000 women who formerly were in war service work have found employment in Canada, Australia and to a limited extent, in South Africa.

"Women who have served in the auxiliary corps during the war or worked on land or as nurses in the V. A. D. S. can get free passage to the dominions, provided they give the authorities notice that they have work to go to or are likely to get it immediately on arrival," the *Daily Chronicle* says. "According to official information there are openings in South Africa for women graduates, art mistresses, games teachers, domestic science teachers, music teachers, trained nurses and nursery governesses."

Miss Beatrice Harraden, well known English writer and author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," expressed astonishment that Dr. Murray-Leslie should have attributed the social unrest in England to the preponderance of women over men. "Some of the finest public and social work of modern times is being carried on by women who are not wives, and thousands of unmarried women are rendering high service to their nation by their useful lives," she said.